

Good Newes from

IRELAND:

OR A

REMONSTRANCE

OF THE

True and remarkeable passages of our English Army in that Kingdome.

And especially

A true Relation of the proceedings in the Province of Munster sent over by one Mr. William Richardson Gentleman Soldier, under the command of Sir John Browne, to his Father in London.

Dated from Capperquin, May 19. 1642.

To which

Is added an Elegie of the much lamented Knight Sir Simon Harcourt.



LONDON, Printed for *Wil. Biss* May 23. 1642.



*True News from Ireland, dated
May 15. 1642.*

With my humble duty remembered &c.

THought good to write unto you of the
greatest misery that hath befallen our Eng-
lish Nation within this rebellious King-
dome; and as our English Protestants
were since this insurrection within the
Province of Munster, Thomond and other places
stripped naked, and left destitute of either meat, drinke
or cloathes, and so thereby have perished in ditches,
and under hedges; and many times the Rebells have
pillaged, and killed at least twenty in a Family; but
God be blessed, my noble Captaine Sir *John Browne*,
together with one Lieutenant *Downing* with their
small companies, I thinke have killed of the worst
Rebells within the County of Limricke, Tipperary
and *Down*, to the number of ten thousand, their resi-
dence being at most times convenient, except they be
in service, at Downraile the Lord Presidents planta-
tion, and where the Councell office was kept for the said
Province: The Rebells have sieged Loghgarre, seven
miles from Limricke, many times, and one night made

a passage over the water, and came in, but by the next morning they were most of them killed, and the rest fled there is a place of great safety, if Mr. *Hart* and other our English Protestants had store of powder: The Rebels hold their wicked consultation and hellish councill of warre amongst themselves at Castell, the Lord *Bourke* Lord Baron of Bittare, the young Lord *Bourke* of Cattle councill, are highly esteemed for their infernall Society and advice, but nothing conspired unto without the generall assent of all the Priests and Iesuits adjoining.

And as for the city of Limrick, after that the last shipping went for England, Captaine *Douglas* and the rest, the Citizens made two assaults upon the Castle, but could not possibly surprize it, nor, I hope in God never will do: for if Limrick Castle were taken, many thousands of men would not regain that City: For strength in itself surpasses any City in the Kingdome; it is thought one Mr. *Bourke* Alderman, hath brought powder and ammunition to them from France lately, whose sonne is in rebellion, and hath the command of a regiment of Rebels who are garisoned some twelve miles from Limrick in a soveraigne Towne, called *Kilwallocke*, and after that the Maior and Citizens of Limrick saw that they could not get the benefit of the Castle by undermining, or otherwise, then *Dominick Paine* Maior and the rest of the Councill, ordered to stripp all the English who were not in the Castle, and turne them forth of the gates, which being wickedly done, we heare with us that they be all perished: who did ever thinke that that City of Limrick would have proved so rebellious and treache-

rous: it is said that there is powder and munition sent from the Lord President to relieve Limrick Castle, which God grant it be true; and if that the Castle hold in force untill the English forces by sea or land, come to subdue the rebellion in Limrick, it would make all the Rebels in Munster to fly into the woods and bogs, and the other Townes as Castell, Clomuell and Kilkenny would yeeld, because Limrick is the Rebels greatest refuge. The Earle of Thomond dare not stirre himselfe from Bunratty for want of men and munition; the Earle of Clanrickard hath done good and valiant service, with some few companies to relieve the Fort of Glway, and other Castles neare Loughrea, and in the County of Galway, and upon the desigene killed about three thousand rebels, and in like manner, the Lord President of Connaught hath behaved himselfe valiantly, and very lately hath with his companies killed neare Atlone bridge to the number of seven hundred Rebels, and relieved severall Castles, wherein the English did inhabit. Sir William Conway sonne to Captaine Courtney, Constable of the Castle of Linrick hath bene dangerously hurt with multiplicity of the Rebels, as the Lord of Castles Councell and Bourkes forces, but did encounter with them, and killed a great number of those ratterdemi-
lian cowards, long Stevens the late high Sheriffe, and his rebellious sonnes be killed; the Lord Mengers Castle Councell, Lord Brissart, Bourke and other, did send to my Captaine Sir John Browne, and Lieutenant Downing, that they might come to see them as Downraile, who sent them word, that they should be very welcome, but when they consulted and considered that

that they meant to give the old welcome when they killed of the Rebels six or seven hundred of a day, their Lordships did not venture further: my Lord President of Moultrie's forces, the Lord of Inchiquin, and Sir Charles Wauvers have lately beset, routed, killed, taken prisoners and hanged so many thousands of the Lord Montgarret, and the Lord Muscries rebellious armies near Baveon bridge, that the Lord Montgarret is weary at his wicked enterprises, and that the Lord Muscry the other day went home, and is so distracted, that he is false stark mad, and had like to have killed his mother, his wife, and his nurse, cursing the time that ever he was borne to know them, and was inveighed by them, and their Priests, to warre against God, his King, his friends, and to lose his life and lands by the occasion of it. Old Sir Charles Coote was accidentally killed the other day: for he hearing that there was near Trym two hundred Rebels, hee himselfe with nine or tenne more marched forth on horsebacke from Trym, and coming towards the Rebels, did so beset them, and discharge upon them, that they were instantly routed, and Sir Charles pursuing them riding foremost, and the other troopes discharging right forwards, it unhappily happened that a Gentleman of his company shot him accidentally in the hole of his necke, and seeing what he had done, light of his horse and set his rapier to his breast, and would have killed himselfe, but was prevented by them of his owne troope. The Rebels armies are faine to fly from one place to another, and had we but some 20. thousand more to pursue them, we hoped to subdue the Kingdom presently: There are two regiments yester-

yesterday landed in Munster, under whose command
I cannot tell. The Lord *Conway* we heare hath done
good service in regaining the Newry, but the Rebels
upon their flight burned it.

The Earle of Ormond upon munday last drew
up his forces towards Kilkenny, and upon his ap-
proach neare the Towne, killed a great number of the
Rebells; and I hope Kilkenny, that revolted place, can-
not stand out long. So hoping in God that through
his mighty power and providence, hee will ever
defend our English Armies with his stretched out
Arme, against all Popish plots, and rebellious conspi-
racies: And so with my humble duty take leave, and
rest,

Your obedient son *Wil. Richardson.*

An Elogy on the much lamented death of the
Right Honourable Sir *Simon Harcourt* Knight, &c.

Dead! and before we heard him sicke incline
To draw his breath towards that utmost line
Which leads to earth! This moves me to enquire
Why noble *Harcourt* should so soone expire,
'Twas thus: death knew, that such a gallant prey
Could not be had unlesse 'twere snatcht away;
And therefore strooke him in a deadly houre,
Beyond recovery by Chyrurgions power:
But we are bound to Fame, which keeps alive
This noble man, whom death could not relieve,
Dead! with sad throbs my fainting spirits trip
In sorrowes-maze, and by my mournfull lip,

My

My teares make way to tell my heart 'tis so,
And leave deep dints like Furrowes as they goe.
The twynes of all my hopes are rivild, and
Like to some Pinace in no hope to land
At any port of safety; altogether
Ilye expos'd to wrack of weather.
Noble *Harcourt*, I'le hugge thine honour'd worth,
That in the warmth of it may issue forth
Formes of perfection to expresse thy beauty;
Or if I faile in that, my humble duty
Shall kneele in publicke to pin on a verse
With trembling fingers, on thy sable Herse.
The home-bred flames o'th' Scots extinct, our owne
Portend a hot combustion by *Tyrone*
A Traytor; who, like a Tyger, gnawes
The Womb which bare him with his bloody pawes.
The King bestow'd some favours, and he thought
Had he done more, h'had done but what he ought.
Through the prospective of his fantasie,
He dream'd he saw his vertues growne so high,
That part of *Vlster* for the great *Oneale*,
Was not so fit as was a Common-weale.
So by ambitious projects, look'd for gales
Which might fill full, and yet not rent his sailes.
Among the valiant Captaines which were sent
To stop the current of his proud intent,
Came noble *Harcourt*, whose acts did carry sense
And weight of honour with experience:
His Colours flew with such ambitious fate,
As if that faire *Beldona* there had fate
With Wreathes of gold to make a Crowne for him,
Who harbour'd prowesse in each his Manfull Lim.

Tyrone

Tyrone himselfe, whose lewd affections stood
To crosse with malice the increase of good,
Who lay in wait with unappeased spleen,
In secret ambushments, to worke his teen
On, carefull *Harcourts* did protest, so many
Parts of a Souldier were in him, that any
Who lead in Warlike Marches, could not bee
More iust, more valiant, nor more wise then he.
Those flames of good desert must sparkle high,
Whose brightnesse is approv'd by eternitie.
He lov'd both Arts and Armes; just such another
As *Pembrokes* Uncle, or as *Leisters* brother,
A *Sidny*, a *Harcourt*, and that's as much,
As to write in plain English, *A none* such.

Amongst the Presse my much desired roome
To speake one word to him who makes the Tomb,
Be sure to cut his Eare indifferent, and
A golden pen in his laborious hand:
Shew forth his Eyes with such resplendent light,
As one who still retaines his wonted sight.
As for his Robes of Parliament, let them bee
Put on with such advice, that we may see
His sword, and know a Souldier: On his Armes
Write this; The Bucklers to defend from harmes
His Prince and Countrey: And beneath his head
A Pillow, as if he were gone to bed.
His last to me was this; Much thanks, good night,
May my best service study to requise
His noble complement: for is I returne
Millions of teares in his bewailed Urne.
And sit the bed he sleeps on, in his Beere,
I'll bid good night, and draw the Curtaines here.

FINIS.